

## The World.

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## WOMEN'S RIGHTS.



WOMAN was put out of a prominent hotel the other day because she went into the parlor and invited the other women there to join her in a bottle of champagne. Not only did the hotel management promptly exclude her, but she was taken to Bellevue Hospital for an inquiry into her mental condition. Her act is explained by her friends on the theory that she is suffering from "acute recurrent mania" and that once every so often she has an impulse to treat everybody.

In these days of women's rights why should not a woman be permitted to treat? Treating is a bad habit, but if women are to be placed on an equality with men, on what logical theory can they be excluded from acquiring the same habits men have?

Every evening in the dining-rooms of the best New York hotels women can be seen drinking cocktails, wines, liqueurs and sometimes high balls. At the Fifth Avenue tea rooms, palm rooms and luncheon places the liquor trade brings in more profit than the Raines law hotels derive from their back rooms, where the women who drink are at least secluded from the public eye.

The suffragettes, whose meetings have ranged the length of New York, from Wall Street to Harlem, have asked police protection against jeering remarks and more tangible

interruptions. They should be allowed to go their own way. Free speech is a right no woman can be denied.

The weak point in the arguments for woman's suffrage is their incompleteness.

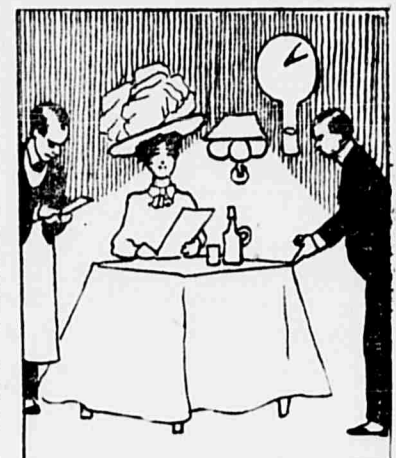
If women want to adopt men's code, whether in politics or morals, there is no way that ordinary man can devise to restrain them. Women will vote whenever the majority of women want to vote. What prevents their voting is not men but themselves.

But while women are working for women's equality they should not single out voting alone, which comes only one day of the year, and the way the suffrage is exercised in New York will not bring about equality. They should insist on being policemen and jurors. A policeman is much more powerful than the average voter.

If many women want to treat there would soon be bars open for their accommodation. If women desire to play pool or to dine alone or to bet on horses or to do anything else from which men derive financial profit they may be sure that accommodations will be provided for them.

The reason the uptown hotel ejected the woman who wanted to treat the other women was not that the male guests in the hotel minded it. Many of them would have been glad to accept the invitation. It was the other women and not the men who prevented that hotel from running a feminine wine room.

What women are, what they will do, and whether or not they will make their code of morality and behavior the same as men's, is something which women alone will decide.



## "The New Sentiment."

By Maurice Ketten.



# "It Is Very Nice," Says Mrs. Jarr, "to Have Your Husband Say, 'You Need a New Hat, Dear, Here's \$100'—Only They Never Do It."

By Roy L. McCardell.



"I NEVER did like that man Stryver; he seems so coarse and rough in his ways. I wouldn't marry him for all his money," said Mrs. Jarr, as Mr. Jarr settled down with the evening papers and Mrs. Jarr got out a box of feathers, some bows of ribbon, five or six buckles and "a shape" and prepared to concoct a fearful and wonderful hat.

Here Mrs. Jarr made a mysterious flourish with her needle in the air, the thread ends formed a floating loop through which she thrust the needle, and, lo! with a delectable jerk she had made a knot.

Mr. Jarr was still in silent admiration of the feat as Mrs. Jarr continued her discourse. "Of course, I know you're going to say that as I am already married it is foolish to talk that way, but I could have married for money if I had wanted to, but girls are foolish. Well, no, maybe not foolish, but, anyway, one can never tell how it will turn out. And I have seen love matches end miserably, and I have seen people who married for money and afterward grew to be very fond of each other. Of course, when those foreign noblemen marry an American girl it is different, because they scorn their wives, although it is their wives' money that pays their debts and fixes up their mouldy old castles and buys the clothes on their backs. What was I saying? Oh, yes, about Mr. Stryver. He's a man I never COULD like, but he IS kind in his way, only I do not like his ways, and I often think that if Mrs. Stryver has a beautiful home and everything her heart can wish, she pays very dearly for it, and, maybe, she isn't so happy after all, which is one consideration."

Here Mrs. Jarr, who had "tacked on" a couple of the plumes and a bit of velvet and a great buckle on the hat shape, turned up the gas in the chandelier,

and went over to look at the effect of the preliminary arrangement of the hat on her head in the mirror across the room.

"Mrs. Stryver doesn't have to have her old ostrich plumes made over and doesn't have to trim up a shape like I do," continued Mrs. Jarr from the mirror, as she tried the hat with the buckle front, with it and the plume to the side and then to the back, "she just goes to her milliner's on Fifth Avenue and picks out a hat and says: 'Charge it!' And yet, if I do say it, her taste is atrocious! I can buy a shape for \$4 and trim it myself and it will look better than the hats she pays \$50 for, yes, and more."

"Of course, there is some satisfaction in buying an imported hat and paying any price they choose to ask you for it, if one has the money," she continued, "but no matter how much you do pay them and no matter how they sweat they will not duplicate the hat, they always do, and that's why I prefer to trim my own hats. Of course I really don't prefer to trim them, but if I can't afford the real thing I at least prefer to get the material and trim my hats myself."

Mrs. Jarr sighed a little and went over to the glass again. "Yes," she said, "Mrs. Stryver tries to pretend that money is everything, and of course it is very nice to have, but that man Stryver would get on my nerves, although when she does ask him for money he is very nice to her and gives it to her without a word, although her maid told Mrs. Kittingly's maid that he swears at Mrs. Stryver horribly and tells her she is ruining him with her extravagance. Still, it is very nice to have your husband come to you and say, 'You need a new hat, dear, here's a hundred dollars.' Only they never do it, but they should; still, whether he is nice to her or not, he's a man I never could like, that Stryver!"

"Why not?" asked Mr. Jarr finally.

"Because he never speaks to her and he never takes any interest in anything she says or does. You'd never see him sit down and chat with his wife like you do!"

"Why?" asked Mr. Jarr.

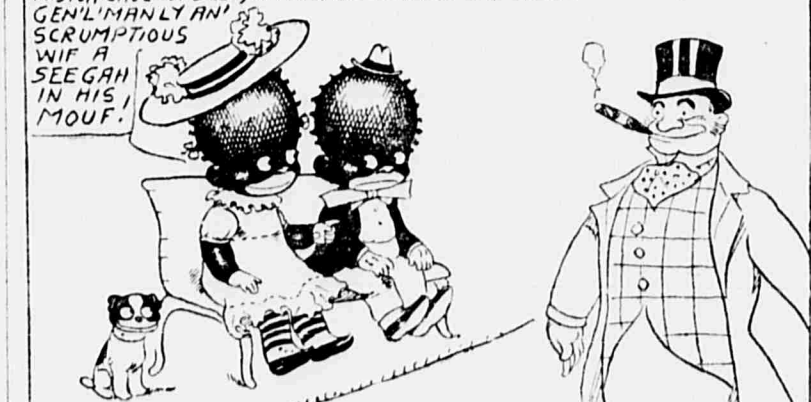
"He tells her to shut up, he wants to read the papers!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Oh, the wretch!" said Mr. Jarr, and went on reading.

## Love In Darktown

The Courtship of Chalmorley Jones and Beautiful Araminta Montrose

By F. G. Long

MISTON CHALMORLEY, A MAN SUTTENLY DO LOOK



## Nixola Greeley-Smith

ON TOPICS OF THE DAY.

## Do Women Prefer Scoundrels?



IN England a very interesting discussion is now being waged as to whether or not women really prefer scoundrels. Apparently the consensus of masculine opinion is that even the best of women is likely to be irresistibly attracted by the worst of men.

The masculine majority is, nevertheless, wrong, though why man should believe that we as a sex prefer his unregenerate brother may be easily explained. To a certain man the mere fact that a certain other man is preferred by a certain lady makes the second man a scoundrel. Vanity forbids the defeated suitor to admit that the best man won. The same spirit that led Hackenschmidt to protest the victory of Gotch, that leads a vanquished baseball or football team to accuse its victorious rival of rough plays, prompts the man who has been beaten at the game of love to cry "foul." His favorite method of doing this is by saying, and, moreover, believing, that the winner is not quite all that an honest man standing four-square to all his kind should be.

As a matter of fact, women do regard the male rogue with a greater degree of sympathy than he can ever expect from other men. But this is a simple matter of sex, not one of righteousness.

Men murderers receive bouquets from strange women. But likewise female murderers receive proposals of marriage from unknown men. Women like certain men, for the same reason that men like certain women—not because they are either good or bad, but because they are charming.

Every woman admires courage, and as certain forms of scoundrellism present at least the outward aspects of valor, a highway robber may actually find a wife more than a Sunday school superintendent. So, too, a chorus girl locked up in the Tombs for attempting to kill her lover will undoubtedly receive more offers of marriage than a Methodist deaconess whose whole life has been dedicated to good works.

But these preferences merely evidence universal admiration for the unusual. Saints are just as popular among women as sinners, but they are so considerably scarcer that even she whose soul pines for a St. Aloysius may have to be satisfied with a plain ordinary citizen, who may even turn out a bank defaulter.

Woman has very accommodating emotions, very malleable ideals. If the man doesn't fit the ideal she cuts the ideal down to fit the man. There is no doubt that she prefers him good, but she tries him anyway. And that is practically all there is to the accusation that we like scoundrels.

## Gertrude Barnum's

Talks to Girls

The Government Investigator's Last Question.



WHEN the good-looking young Government Investigator of Woman's Work came to the Working Girls' Home he found no difficulty in getting "in touch" with the boarders, though they seemed skeptical about the value of his work.

For some time the questions and answers ran along very smoothly.

Place of employment?  
Number employed?  
Average age of workers?

One by one the pretty girls settled to a tete-a-tete with the nice young man, and the circle of scoffers about them grew larger and larger.

When it came to a dressmaker's assistant from a department store, she openly avowed her opinion that it was a waste of time.

"I've been investigated almost to death for two years," she said, "but I'm still doing overtime and drawing under-pay."

"It will create public opinion," said the investigator, cheerfully.

"Yes, the wrong kind," said a tobacco stripper. "In our factory the boss won't allow any one to investigate—only the rooms he's proud of; won't let us answer questions about wages. It's just a whitewash."

"Oh, no," protested the investigator. "We have our own ways of getting into places we want to see. For instance, the Board of Health officers take us into laundries and make atmospheric tests for us."

"Lots of good that does!" spoke up an exhausted "body ironer." "In our laundry they made the greatest fuss with their charts and bottles and things, but they took the test way over in the middle of the room. Why don't they take the steam we breathe right off the rollers, all acid and starch?"

"I must make a note of that," said the nice young man, a trifle crestfallen.

"Yes, do!" said the laundry worker. "And you might make another note of a girl over to the hospital now that came here from a match-factory town. Her bones is all turning chalk and her teeth's falling out from sulphur poison. Make a note of her, too. It might cure her case."

"No one at all ever comes to investigate our joint," said a rubber worker, "I breathe naphtha till it takes my appetite, and then I just can't eat a thing. But that's nothing to the girls that softens the rubber with bi-sulphide of carbon. They can't neither sleep nor eat, and wake up feelin' like they've been on a spree. Such a head! They're just crazy till they get back to breathing the carbon again. But it takes more an' more all the time to satisfy them. It's an awful death."

The Government Investigator mopped his brow and reached for his hat. As he reached the door he turned and called back:

"There's just one more question I'd like to ask you ladies. How much longer are you going to stand for it?"

As the door had closed behind him, my friend Edna spoke up for the first time.

"That last question," she said with conviction, "is the only one worth answering, and we're the only ones that can answer it."

## Became Author on a Bet.

By Rex Beach.

"IT WAS really the result of a bet," said Rex Beach, author of "The Spoilers," when asked how he came to be a writer. "I ran into a fellow staying in the same place with me who had come out of the gold country a little sooner. He had written two or three articles about Alaska for some paper devoted to the interests of agricultural implements and they had paid him a few dollars. He gave me the stories to read and seemed proud of them. I thought to myself, 'If he can get real money out of this, I can.' I made a bet that I would sell some stories, too, but instead of following his example and working up from the bottom, I decided to start at the top and let the force of gravity do the rest, so I sent a short story to one of the magazines and sure enough it was accepted. I thought for a long time somebody in the office was playing a joke on me. When I got into other business in Chicago, and one day the editor of the magazine was passing through and called on me and asked for some more stories. I gave him all I had and he took them away with him. A week or so later he wrote me that all or them had been accepted."

## The "Fudge" Idiotorial.

## Man and the Tadpole.

(Copyright, 1908, by the Planet Pub. Co.)

from the study of HUMAN nature. The Tadpole can eat its own tail without inconvenience, but MAN can only SUCK his THUMBS. There is but LITTLE nutriment in a THUMB!

When the Tadpole bites off his tail his hind legs come out and become worth ninety cents a pair at the Waldorf, free in bread crumbs. The Waldorf throws in the crumbs. These are what are known as "the crumbs from the RICH man's TABLE!"

We are rather fond of the Frog. One frog in a puddle can produce noise enough to make people think there are FIFTY FROGS among those PRESENT.

We often ponder on THIS INTERESTING FACT when we BLOW about our circulation!

## Letters from the People.

## Chances Out West

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Would experienced readers kindly let a boy seventeen years old know if there is any more chance out West than here in the East, and if so, what State and at what work? This should interest many people.  
EASTERNER.

## A Williamsburg Complaint

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
On at least one section of Williamsburg, near Graham Avenue and Frost Street, are a lot of small frame houses and some flats. Chickens, pigeons and dogs are kept by some families, and on Sunday men enjoy a game of baseball in the streets. I have sick children, and even the fresh air on Sunday is denied them. Where is our old Brooklyn going?  
JOSEPH MILLER.

## Irreverent Collegians

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I am an undergraduate of a large college in Greater New York. My parents are religious, and I have been brought up to be so, attend church and say my prayers. A dozen of my class, including myself, went to the country for Sunday. At bedtime I knelt down to say my prayers, as I have done every night since I can remember. To my astonishment, the other fellows yawned and laughed and gazed me and threw things at me, and now they've spread the story around college, and I am cursed and called "Farson." A friend

says I should have waited till I got to bed and then said my prayers unseen and unheard. But I am not ashamed of my religion, and do not see that I have done anything wrong or foolish. So I would like your readers to talk this over in print and decide my case.  
UNDERGRADUATE.

## Anti-B. R. T. Argument

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Brooklyn is rejoicing rightly over her new subway. As I understand it, one can ride from Bronx Park to mid-Brooklyn for five cents. It's a safe bet that this wouldn't be the case unless the road made money out of it. Then where has the B. R. T. got a leg to stand on in defending a 10-cent fare from mid-Brooklyn to Coney Island? That's an argument that'll take a whole lot of chewing over.  
E. C. G.

## Blue for Boys, Pink for Girls

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What is the color for boy or girl babies? Is blue the color for girl or for boy?  
MRS. SCHRODER.

## Yes

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Was the opera "Salome" by Strauss ever performed in public in New York?  
B. W. Montclair, N. J.

## Nov. 23

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
On what date did Thanksgiving Day fall in 1867?  
W. E. B.